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## Good Will Too Late

"Premier Laval and Briand today shook hands with President Von Hindenburg and went into conference with German statesmen on measures of co-operation to restore the confidence of Europe."

So reads a paragraph from a recent cable from Berlin. It is welcome news, and it may foreshadow great things; but to some people in this generation it will simply re-emphasize the old truth—that the most tragic phrase in the history of international relations is the phrase, "too late."

The president of Germany and the premier of France meet and shake hands. In the background, if there are such things as ghosts, there must be several army corps of spectral soldiers who are wondering why some such things couldn't have been done 17 years ago.

In 1914 the heads of great nations were wary about shaking hands. There was no talk then of co-operation between French and German statesmen to "restore the confidence of Europe." Instead the monarchs and prime ministers and generals struck heroic attitudes, and several million young men who had been told that it was sweet and proper to die for one's country went out to find out if it were so.

To be sure, conditions today are not like the conditions of late July and early August, 1914. Yet today's crisis, which takes the head of the French government to Berlin, does not contain the seeds of half as much harm for the world as the one of 1914 contained. Indeed, if the statesmen had conferred instead of rushing to arms in 1914 there would be no crisis today at all.

All of which, perhaps, is something like crying over spilt milk. The World War dead will not come out of their graves—unless to peer, dim shadows, at Franco-German rapprochement—and there is little use in talking about what might have been.

But it doesn't hurt us to be reminded that the World War was a frightful blunder, a blunder which a little sanity could have averted. There are people who can look with equanimity on a repetition of such a blunder; indeed, when President Hoover proposes that we spend only $340,000,000 on our navy in the next 12 months there are people ready to protest until they grow hoarse. The handshake in Berlin is a cheering spectacle, but we should not forgt that it would have saved 10,000,000 lives if it had come 17 years earlier.

## New Women's Standard

In the past the wage of the working woman was generally based on the assumption that she was a single person, with no one but herself to support and with no intention of continuing in her job for more than a few years. Now Miss Mary Elizabeth Pidgeon of the Women's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor, points out that a new standard is badly needed.

In many cases the woman in industry is the family breadwinner. In an increasing number of cases she expects to stick to the job most or all of her life. Furthermore, her wages are figured by the week, whereas the true test of their adequacy must be based on her entire year's income.

It is significant, too, that in the majority of 11,000 cases recently studied by the Women's Bureau the yearly incomes were too low for adequate living.

## New York Letter

NEW YORK.—One of Broadway's minor miracles has been achieved by—of all people— Tom Mooney, who now spends his later years in prison martyrdom.

That the shadow of Mooney, whose case has aroused millions all over the world, should finally be cast over a box-office on the Gay White Way is another one of those Manhattan incidents that defies explanation.

New York's slogan has long been "anything can, and does happen here." O. Henry set out to prove it; so have innumerable columnists and so have authors, singers, lecturers and playwrights. The theater is a nendless parade of surprise. But it's genuinely startling that a play about Mooney's "framing" should become a hit on the street that is supposed to be made of such shallow stuff.

Yet, such are the circumstances, that a drama written in high indignation titled "Precedent," ended its days recently after surviving a summer that saw the hardiest hits fold up.

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Neither the writers nor backers had the money nor opportunity to open this play in the uptown theater belt. With a few dollars and considerable courage, they went to one of the little theaters in Greenwich Village. They hired an inexpensive cast, which turned out to be better than many a "big league" cast. They hoped, of course, that their efforts would reach the uptown ears; but they didn't believe this very firmly.

Critics went out of their way to look in on the modest opening, and came back shouting about the power and stark simplicity of the argument. Within a few months Tom Mooney had come to Broadway, in spirit if not in person. And his story, while somewhat theatricalized, has reached the ears of thousands of theater-goers, who paid good money to hear it.

The current season, while having borne no sensations, has had much worth commenting on.

For instance: The theater firms of Schwab and Mendel and Aarons and Freedley have long been associated with the peppiest and most successful musical comedies to be found in New York. The old-timers —Carroll, Ziegfeld and White—stuck pretty much to revues.

• • •

This year came notice that music shows would be put on without a chorus. Some immediately pointed to hard times, and jobless chorines groaned. Yet on came "Free For All," with singing principals and an amusing libretto, and then followed, "Singing the Blues," a Harlem melodrama with songs but no girls. In each case the experiment has been more than passingly interesting, if not phenomenally successful.

There has been, too, the novelty of watching plays being rewritten almost before one's eyes. The power of critical comment appears for once to have affected, overnight, the nature of a presentation.

"Cloudy With Showers," for instance, had an amusing story about a professor in psychology being stumped on a sex question by one of his pretty pupils. And getting into plenty of farcical involvement as the result. The third act was rather rashly treated. Within a week, it had been rewritten and even given a new locale.

John Golden, with almost equal haste, twisted the ending of his "After Tomorrow," which had left many in the audience shuddering and tearful.

But in these days, almost any news can be expected from the theaters, which have grown uncannily gun-shy.

### AFRICAN PLANE ROUTE

LISBON—Portugal is planning three air services to furnish fast transportation between principal cities in Portugese colonies in Africa. A Portuguese mission has been studying the feasibility of establishing these lines since last year, a group having been dispatched to the colonies last fall.

More than 220,000 men will be employed on Italy's public-works projects.

## The Once Over

By H. I. PHILLIPS

### ANSWER TO A DILEMMA

"You are a married man away from home on a transcontinental railroad journey. You strike up a haphazard acquaintance with a woman who is old enough to understand life and who seems to you contented, sedate, well-poised and attractive. On the second day she informs you that she is unmarried and that she has been hoping to meet some man who appeals to her as much as you do. In short, she has flung herself completely at you. And yet she has been absolutely frank and sincere with you and has done what was to her a difficult thing.

"Is there any course of action on your part which will seem completely satisfactory to you as you look back on it afterward? If so what is it?"—The Book of Dilemmas by Leonard Hatch.

• • •

In answers submitted and published in the above book, Mr. Bruce Barton says: "I should show her the pictures of my three children, raise my hat and be on my way."

Elmer Twitchell's answer (unsought) was obtained today.

• • •

"I should blush, stammer a bit and then ask the sedate, well-poised lady, 'Would you mind going over that again, please'?" says Elmer. "Then I guess I'd ask where she lived and make certain she wasn't a Mrs. Klopmeyer who used to visit the Hoofles in Cos Cob.

• • •

"Then I guess I'd ask her what she thought of Hoover. Probably I'd bring in the gold standard and the depression and ask if she saw Yale play Harvard last year I'd need all this time to catch my breath, understand, being as how I have not had any sedate, well-poised and attractive women flung at me from that distance in many years.

• • •

"I'd tell her I could see she had traveled much and ask her what she thought of Mussolini, of course, and she'd probably reply (in view of that running start of hers), 'Let's not talk of Mussolini; let's talk about YOU.' I'd be pretty nervous and I'd counter with, 'How did you like Geneva? There's a picturesque spot, eh?" If I know the type she would put her hand on my arm and say: 'You have the most honest blue eyes, baby.'

• • •

"It would be a tough spot for any man, and even if I had a picture of three children I doubt that I could whip it out, show it, tip my bonnet and say, 'Well, goodby, I've got to be off to the convention of iron stove designers,' like Bruce Barton.

• • •

Probably the chatter would run something like this from this point:

"Me—Were you ever in Gallipolis?

"She—It's funny that I should make such a fool of myself over you, a man I never saw before.

"Me—Of course. Hoover has made his mistakes. Now, you take the wheat situation. Nobody could..

"She—You're my dream boy, that's what you are, my great big dream boy!

"Me—I know the chairman of the Farm Board personally, and he told me what agriculture needed was...

"She—Kiss me, my fool!

• • •

"Well, this would be the point where I'd have to quit hedging. I can't be certain what I'd do, but I certainly would make a brave effort to think of Mrs. Twitchell, the twenty-seven little Twitchells and Grandma Twitchell. Then, if I didn't weaken, I'd get out of that parlor car chair, draw myself to my full height and say: 'Lady, it isn't fair to let you go on with this. You don't know who I am."

"'Who are you?' she would ask.

"'I'm a member of the Wickersham committee,' I would answer, leaving her in a swoon."

• • •

### DERRINGER PITCHING

The boy stood on the burning deck
And watched the sockers drop;
The sight surprised the lad so much
He up and fell kerflop!

• • •

The gold standard has now been suspended in nearly all countries, "including the Scandinavian."

• • •

One of the most heartbreaking cases of unemployment is that of the wardrobe trunk salesman who lost his job because he couldn't sell Mahatma Gandhi.

## Out Our Way . . . . . By Williams


## Anniversary

TODAY IS THE

### URUGUAY IN BREAK

On Oct. 7, 1917, Uruguay officially broke relations with Germany by decree of the president.

All of the functionaries were ordered to withdraw from German territory.

The Chamber of Deputies voted in favor of the rupture by 74 to 23. The president of Uruguay previously (June 20) had issued an order announcing that "no American country which, in defense of its own right, should find itself in a state of war with nations of other continents, will be treated as a belligerent."

President Viera, in his message to Parliament, declared that the Uruguayan government had not received any direct offense from Germany, but that it was necessary to espouse the cause of the defenders of justice, democracy and small nationalities.

Uruguay, with other neutrals, had been a sufferer of Germany's U-boat warfare, and Uruguay's international rights had otherwise been disregarded.

## Barbs

As the bridge player with the fiery-tempered partner said: "My life is in my hands!"

• • •

Those Brooklyn legionnaires who are clamoring for beer apparently aren't men about tow .

• • •

Anyway, wine bricks make excellent foundations for certain cellars.

• • •

Moving pictures, says a doctor, are easier on the optics than books. And yet people are operated upon for film on the eye!

A student is sometimes hard put to decide whether to pass a course or pass it up.

• • •

With stocks rising after wage cuts, we are led to suspect that there is something, after all, to the truism that the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

• • •

California, it is reported, may build a dirigible larger than the Akron. Probably a piece of subtle propaganda to call attention to the wonderful California air.

• • •

Wall Street, harassed by bulls and bears, now has the British lion to worry about.

such cases, provided that the operative risk is not increased by this work.

Thousands of patients have been treated by this method with remarkable success. The mortality is not great from the operation, and in the vast majority of cases, the patient—more than 95 per cent—are relieved permanently of symptoms.

A night football game at the Hague recently was a great success.

## Quotations

There are no longer distant countries.

—Col. Charles A. Lindbergh.

• • •

In another generation or so these United States will be so fabulously wealthy and their wealth and income so well distributed that scarcely anyone will feel it worth while just to be rich.

—Carl Snyder.

• • •

I am convinced that when confidence has been established amongst all nations of the world the present capacity for all industrial countries will not be sufficient to satisfy the demand.

—Oskar Sempell.

## GUILTY LIPS

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN
Author of "MAD MARRIAGE"

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**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

**Pretty NORMA KENT, 20-year-old secretary, marries Mark Travers, millionaire's son, in spite of the opposition of Mark's father, F. M. TRAVERS.**

**The story opens in Marlboro, middle-western metropolis. After an extravagant honeymoon at fashionable Blue Springs the couple return to Marlboro. Soon they face poverty and hard times. Mark secures a job, loses it, and then becomes a doorwalker in a department store. The young couple are just beginning to master their problems when Mark's father sends for him and offers him a place in his own business organization if the son will prove he can make good. Mark's first assignment involves a business trip to France. Norma must remain at home.**

**Norma, rudely treated at her father-in-law's home after Mark is gone, slips away, leaving no trace of her whereabouts. CHRIS SAUNDERS, Norma's former roommate, helps her find a job.**

**Mark's father employes detectives to trail the girl. They unearth records showing that Norma three years before had been convicted on a vice charge. In spite of evidence that the charge was framed Travers sends his lawyer to Paris to engineer a divorce. Weeks later Norma receives a letter telling her the decree has been granted.**

**In August Norma's son is born. When the baby is six months old Norma returns to her former job. One Sunday Mark's mother sees her with the baby. A few days later she is called home from the office. The baby is gone.**

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

CHAPTER XLIII

NORMA leaned helplessly against the door. "Gone?" she repeated as though she had not heard correctly. "Why, what do you mean?"

Mrs. Carey nodded. "The baby's gone," she said. "I couldn't stop them. I did everything I could but the woman came back with a policeman—"

White, wild-eyed, Norma seemed suddenly to clutch at the other woman's meaning. "Where's he gone?" she shrieked. "Where is Mark? Oh, what's happened?" She grasped Mrs. Carey's arm and would have shaken her.

The other woman stepped back. 'Mercy, Mrs. Travers, you mustn't carry on like this! It's terrible I know, but I couldn't stop them. You've got to get hold of yourself. I'll tell you just what happened if you'll listen."

Norma ran to Mark's bed. The little blanket was rumpled and thrown back but the bed was empty. Norma whirled.

"Where is he?" she cried. "Why don't you tell me what's happened? Oh, Mark, Mark!—my little baby—where is he?"

It was all of five minutes before Mrs. Carey could get the story out. The woman was pathetic in her helplessness. Mrs. Carey said she was washing dishes from her noonday lunch when there was a knock at the door. She opened it to face a woman who said she came from the city welfare department. She wanted to know if Mrs. Norma Travers lived in the apartment and then asked to see the baby.

"I thought it was queer," Mrs. Carey said, "but I let her come in. Mark was in his bed, not asleep, but just lying there with those big eyes wide open. The woman looked at him and asked how old he was. Then she said there'd been a complaint about a six-monhs-old baby being neglected and that she'd come to take the child. I told her she'd do no such thing! I said I was taking care of the baby and being paid for it and if anyone said Mark was being neglected he was a natural-born liar. Well, I supposed that was all there'd be to it. She went away but about 10 minutes later she was back with a policeman beside her.

"What could I do, Mrs. Travers? The policeman said it was right and I'd have to let her take the baby. By that time I was so flustered I couldn't hardly tell my own name. They said they were taking Mark to keep until after there'd been an 'investigation' or something like that. I got out his little coat and bonnet to keep him warm and he began to cry as soon as the woman picked him up. The minute they left I telephoned to you! There's something wrong, I know that much! With you slaving away and working so hard for that baby. Why, the very idea—!"

Norma stopped her. She had been weeping but now she dried her eyes. "Do you know where they went?" she demanded. "We've got to find Mark!"

"There's a big office down at the City Hall," Mrs. Carey volunteered. "I was down there once. It's the place where the men work who run the welfare department. That might be the place to go. I don't know though—I don't know if you'd find the baby there!"

• • •

ALREADY Norma was on her feet. "You've got to come with me, Mrs. Carey!" she declared. "We've got to get Mark! Come on ——there isn't any time to lose! We'll have to hurry!"

With her coat pulled on over her house dress, a felt hat jammed on at an angle, Mrs. Carey was half-pushed and half-pulled down the two flights of stairs. On the street Norma signaled a taxicab and told the driver to take them to the City Hall.

During the ride Norma alternately wept and asked questions. She wanted to know what the woman had said. What did she mean by saying Mark was neglected? Who had complained?

Mrs. Carey repeated what she had said before. There was nothing new. The woman was almost as distraught as Norma herself. She was in no condition to comfort the girl.

"How're they going to get the baby's formula right?" she moaned. "He ought to be having his bottle right now. Like as not he's crying for it, the poor little darling!"

Norma twined icy fingers together. She was staring ahead as though she had not heard.

The cab stopped and the women got out. They went up stone steps and into a marble-floored corridor. Mrs. Carey led the way down a narrower passage to a door marked "City Welfare Department."

"This is the place," she whispered and opened the door.

Half a dozen men and women were standing before a high counter. Beyond in a large room a man and two women sat at desks. There was a young woman at the counter. A swinging gate led from the small enclosure to the larger room.

Without a moment's hesitation Norma passed through this gate. One of the women arose.

"What is it you want?" she said sharply.

"Is this the City Welfare Department? I've come for my baby—?"

"What?"

"If you'll go back behind the counter," the woman said, "and wait your turn Miss Eberhardt will consider your case. "You'll have to wait on the other side of the counter!" The woman accepted her words harshly.

"But you don't understand!" Norma exclaimed. "I'm not here to wait. I tell you I've come for my baby—!"

The man at the far desk had come forward. Everybody in the room was eyeing Norma.

"Perhaps I'd better talk to her," the man said quietly. With a nod toward Norma he said, "Will you come with me?"

Mrs. Carey clutched the girl's arm. They went through another door, following the man.

It was a smaller office. The man dropped into the desk chair and waved Norma and Mrs. Carey to seats. "Now then," he said, "what is it you're so excited about?"

• • •

NORMA and Mrs. Carey tried to talk at once. In the end it was the older woman who got out the more coherent story. The man listened silently, nodding occasionally. When he understood what they were trying to tell him he pushed an electric desk button. A girl appeared at the door. "Bring Miss Clinton's report," he told her.

In a moment the girl was back with some cards. She laid them on the desk and departed.

"Now then," said the social worker, after studying these cards, "I'm sorry to tell you, Mrs. Travers, that you can't take your son home this evening. As our investigator explained to the—er nurse—when she took the child a complaint has been made. This complaint calls for complete and thorough investigation. Pending such action we must see that the baby is cared for properly. You have been charged with neglecting the child, being away for long periods of the day.

"Now, now—don't interrupt me!" he went on, more severely. "These charges must be investigated. Your child is being given excellent care but it is impossible for you to see him. There is nothing for you to worry about. We have the infant's welfare at heart and yours too."

"I won't go!" Norma cried hotly. "I won't go until you let me have Mark! You've no right to take him away from me. You've no right—!"

The hysterical outburst lasted several minutes. At the end of that time Mrs. Carey found herself in the corridor with the sobbing Norma in her arms.

"We'll go home." Mrs. Carey tried to make her voice consoling. "We'll go home, honey, and come back tomorrow! Maybe Miss Saunders will know what to do. There, there! You mustn't carry on this way!"

It taxed all Mrs. Carey's resourcefulness to get the girl into another taxicab and headed back for the apartment. It was after five when they arrived there and Chris Saunders had come ahead of them.

Chris heard the afternoon's events indignantly. And immediately she had a solution. "We'll call Bob Farrell!" she exclaimed. "What you need is a lawyer, Norma! Why, the idea of coming into a person's home that way and taking a baby. I never heard of such a thing! You need a lawyer who knows how to go after such things. I'm going to call Bob this minute!"

She ran downstairs. Ten minutes later she was back to report. "Bob's coming over right away. I caught him just as he got in the house. He said he'd start right away."

• • •

HALF an hour later—and for the third time—the story was reviewed for Farrell's benefit. Mrs. Carey was called in and the young man questioned her. She and Chris had poured forth sympathy for Norma and berated the welfare department.

Bob's attitude was quite different. Norma's face was red and swollen from weeping but she was dry-eyed now. Her lips pressed together in a line that strove to remain firm. Eyeing the girl soberly, Farrell said:

"We've got to get at what's back of this thing, Norma. It's not the welfare department, you know. They have plenty to do without going out of their way for work. Of course when a complaint's made, as they told you, they have to go after it. Now who do you suppose made that complaint?"

"I don't know!"

"It's someone who evidently has a grudge. Spite work, most likely."

"Who could want to hurt Norma?" Chris asked indignantly.

"Well, that's the first thing to find out! I know a couple of fellows in the City Hall," Farrell went on speculatively, "who might know something. I'll tell you what I'll do, Norma! I'll get to work tomorrow. Mark's all right. You don't need to worry about that. And we're going to get him back!"

He telephoned at noon next day. Norma was at the office. He promised to call for her at five o'clock. "Yes, I've found out a few things," Farrell said. "Tell you about it when I see you."

The girl cheered slightly, but the afternoon hours dragged. A few minutes before five o'clock Bob arrived. Norma put on coat and hat and they left the office.

"Tell me what you've found out!" she begged.

"Wait until we get into the car," Farrell said. "We can't talk here."

He was not willing to open the subject until they were out of downtown traffic and driving along a quiet side street. Then, without looking at the girl, Farrell said:

"I found out a lot of things, Norma. I think I know who engineered that business yesterday. I think I know who's back of it."

"Who?"

"The Travers family! And I'll tell you what else I found out. They mean to fight the thing, Norma. They're after the boy."

"But Bob! Oh, how can they? There isn't any way they could take him from me, is there? Oh, there can't be!"

Farrell was still eyeing the road. "I don't like to say this, Norma. There is a way. Yes! But if you feel the way I think you do—if you're willing to go ahead with it—I know a way you can fight them!"

(To Be Continued)

## Our Boarding House . . . . . By Ahern


## Daily Health Talk

A small gallstone lying in the gallbladder seldom causes severe symptoms, although at times inflammation associated with the presence of the stone may produce pain, comiting and other serious disturbances. When the stone begins to move out of the gallbladder and through the ducts or tubes that carry the bile from the gallbladder to the intestines, it may become blocked in its passage; then serious symptoms intervene.

Long ago Sir William Osler described the symptoms of stone in the gall bile duct as including paroxysmal and colicky pains, chills, fever, and jaundice, followed by periods of complete freedom from the symptoms. The reason for this intermittent character is the fact that the stone passes through and the symptoms are relieved until another stone comes down. Sometimes the stone may lie in the tube and not obstruct it until an inflammation occurs when the passing of the bile is stopped.

Associated with this, infection may take place. Severe jaundice follows and the patient is seriously sick. Of course, the X-ray sometimes helps in locating stones and methods are now available for visualizing the gallbladder by the use on an injected substance. In any disease of mechanical origin of this character, the treatment is quite obvious. It is necessary to open the abdomen, find the spot at which the stone is blocking the bile passage and then to remove it surgically. At the same time, the surgeon makes sure that all other stones in the tube and in the gallbladder are removed. Indeed, it is common practice to remove the gallbladder completely in